

## Daily Eagle

## THE TWIN SISTERS.

A woman of 50, with a handsome, refined countenance, in the lines of which was written a hidden grief, sat, surrounded by all the luxury of a palatial home, mournfully staring into the glowing coals of a grate fire—not staring at a face which peered at her from the white, hot depths. The face was that of a beautiful girl, almost a child, at the period of whose childhood touches the bridge across which the young womanhood. It was a charming visage, made fascinating by golden hair and gray eyes, which meant a world of different things to whoever looked into them. The woman's reverie was interrupted by her door being thrown suddenly open. A vision of grace, youth and beauty tripped in, a young girl, who, as she stood motionless for one instant in the center of the apartment, was the most exact counterpart of the face in the coals, with one exception, the eyes. They were gray like those others, but instead of meaning a world of different things to each new man who studied them, they spoke only one trait—truthfulness to everybody.

The girl glanced for a moment at the figure in the chair. Then going noiselessly to the woman's side she threw her arms about her, kneeling on the floor as she did so, and saying:

"Mother mine, what is the matter?"

"Why should I tell you child? You are very happy, and I have not the heart to intrude a fear which might render you wretched."

"A fear, mother? What are you thinking of?"

"Your marriage."

"How strange. In what way can thoughts of that render you or me unhappy?"

"I have been looking into the coals, Eleanor, and I see there only one thing."

"What is it, mother?"

"The face of your twin sister."

"Eleanor's face?"

"Yes. It has haunted me all day, and it seems like the forerunner of trouble."

"There are only your dream-fancies, mother mine. Don't give way to them. Why should you so often recall the dead?"

"If I die?"

"Yes. Is not death dead? Is she not lying alone in that little graveyard at Nice? And did she not write before her death and tell you that the guilty wretch with whom she ran away had married her? Had she not known her true story last year, and I, her only child, thinking that while she lived she would be a fortune hunting nobleman and die a few years later. At the time it was a rash supposition which has been forgotten long since. The world goes on and remembers affairs of that kind for only one day at the most."

"The world, even the better part of it, is very bitter, cold, when it thinks an opportunity to be so."

"Why need we worry, mother? Russell knows the story, and if he can blot it out, why should not we? Do you suppose for an instant that it could possibly change his regard for me in the least?"

"Did Russell Graham know all? Ah, no, not Eleanor. They both knew that four years ago, when Mrs. Mortimer had been traveling through Europe with her lovely twin daughters, one of whom had been eloped with a handsome adventurer. They both loved her, but the adventurer was an insidious nobleman, who had married his victim at Nice, where she died and was buried. But Mrs. Mortimer knew more than that, and she pondered deeply on her secret knowledge when Eleanor was safe in her own apartment. That she took her position as a lady written on foreign newspaper, and seriously, painfully, looked at a moment, and finally threw it into the fire, saying to herself as it crumbled to ashes:

"It must be a mistake. God grant it may be."

"On the evening following the interview between mother and daughter, Russell Graham, Eleanor's fiancé, dropped into a small child of which he was a member. A number of his friends chided him good naturedly on his approaching marriage, and he took their taunts in no proper spirit. A little later, about seven o'clock, Russell, who had been in a decidedly dangerous temper, he happened to be alone for a moment, and was debating whether he should return home or whether he should remain and order supper when his thoughts drifted into a new channel at hearing his name mentioned in a strange voice with a foreign accent, by some person in the room next his own, and which was separated from it only by a velvet partition. The first words which he heard distinctly were:

"If course it is the same girl. I had a good look at her to-day when she was driving with her on the boulevard. Really, I can't understand the thing. The woman I saw her in St. Petersburg her name was most unpleasantly connected with that of Count Romanoff."

"Surely, you must be wrong."

"Barter. I am not, while her mother six months later, in Paris, and I have since met the mother here in New York. I tell you it is the same young woman."

"The woman with whom, and the sister, his mind in a whirl of uncertainty as to whom the unseen speaker was alluding to, he remained silent for a while, wondering what he had best do. After a few moments he concluded to enter the apartment and seek his doubts. He drew aside the portiere. The chamber was empty. Glancing his carriage lanterns home. There was a door he was married to Eleanor if he could and on his way to his for his honeymoon."

"The Russian woman was at his height, and the fashionable world was expressed in follies of every description. There were balls, dinners, receptions and opera parties without number. Russell, Graham, and his wife, plucked into the world with the roses, for they were fond of life as typical in the beau monde. But the husband was not quite unforgetting the conversation overheard at his club, and though he despised himself for it, he could not escape the remembrance of it. Eleanor was everything which a devoted wife should be, but her husband had a slight vein of jealousy in his nature, and it kept him constantly on the alert. Better for had he told his wife the truth as to, and so he decided himself free from doubt."

"There was no breach between them, only a little cloud which obscured his otherwise perfect happiness. And the cloud was to grow, through no fault of Eleanor's, until it might mean shipwreck to all his love. It began to gather size in this way. There were guests in Paris as well as elsewhere, and very soon, so far as Russell Graham was concerned, they caused their presence to be felt."

"The party which was given at the opera one night, his wife having preceded him to a reception where he was to join her later. Some friends dropped into his box. One of them, a man about twenty, said incidentally:

"By the by, Graham, how did Baron Borlino happen to meet your wife?"

"At some reception or other, I presume."

"Well," said the friend good humoredly, "let me give you a point. I think it would be safer for her not to be seen driving with him again in the Bois."

"Why not?"

"Surely you are aware of his character. He is regarded in Paris as a pretty black sheep."

Russell hesitated for an instant and then replied indifferently:

"Thanks for your suggestions."

He left the opera house and drove to where he was to meet his wife. She was surrounded

by a bevy of admirers, but she looked pale and languid. What did it mean? Was she guilty and did she suspect that he knew the truth? Guilty or innocent, she looked relieved at his coming, although she said only:

"Get my wraps and take me home."

The drive to their hotel was made in silence, each trying to read the other's thoughts. Once in the quiet of their own apartments Russell expected a confession. None came. He could cure the righteous devil within him no longer.

"Eleanor," he began, "I am going to ask you a question and I want the truth for answer."

Turning her fearless gray eyes to his face she said:

"Have not my answers always been truthfully?"

"I presume so."

"Presume? What do you mean?"

"Where did you meet Baron Borlino?"

"Who says I ever met him?"

Russell mentioned the names of his friends. "They were mistaken," his wife replied. "Surely they know you well enough to recognize you when they meet you. They saw you driving with him in the Bois."

Again she repeated the same answer. "I tell you they were mistaken."

"Is this your only reply?"

"You wanted the truth and you have it. What more need I say?"

It was the day after the scene between husband and wife. The Bois was alive with carriages, and the world of Paris was taking its afternoon drive. One turnout attracted particular attention. It was a magnificent landau drawn by a pair of cool black horses. On its cushions reclined a woman whose face was the same that had stared out of the coals at Eleanor's mother.

Suddenly a horse dashed along beside her carriage, and its rider, a female closely veiled, threw a note into her lap. The woman's eyes widened in amazement. She tore open the note and read its contents. For a moment she sat as if spellbound. Then the indifference faded out of her face, and she called nervously to her coachman. He turned with deference to hear her say:

"Drive home!"

As the bells of Paris chimed 5 she was picking her way among the carriages of Paris la Grande. At the tomb of Alahud and Halio a woman heavily veiled beckoned her. "Eleanor," said the stranger, hurriedly, "I need not raise my veil. You know who I am. Let me tell you quickly what I have come for and let me go as soon as possible."

"In what way?"

"My husband is here. People have seen you with men whose very names mean death to the character of the women with whom they associate. You have been mistaken for me, and my husband believes me guilty of having deceived him, believes me guilty of intrigue with the deceased woman who was your friend. Do you understand? In heaven's name, save me!"

"By what means?"

"By leaving Paris. If you remain here longer my husband may discover who you are—what you are."

The woman thought for a moment, then said: "Where are you stopping?"

"At the Grand hotel."

"There is an easy way out of the difficulty. Leave it to me. Stand with your husband on the porch balcony of the hotel this evening at half past eight."

"What are you going to do?"

"I have to be the man you love that you are innocent and then quit Paris."

"How can that be done?"

"Don't ask questions. Good-by."

"Oh, Eleanor," cried Eleanor, catching her less sister's hand, "listen to me."

"There is no Eleanor," interrupted the other coldly, leaving back. "That woman is buried at Nice. She is dead to you—dead to me. I want no pity, no advice. Go your way. I have chosen mine, and it is too late to turn back."

She strode off among the graves and disappeared. Eleanor went to her hotel and with a heavy heart dressed for dinner. Presently her husband entered, with him the friends he had met the evening previous at the opera. He brought them there to gaze at his wife, to be certain they had made no mistake. With effort to steady her voice, Eleanor said: "Let me enjoy the air of the balcony for a few moments." Her husband marvelled at her conduct, and with his friends followed her into the balcony. They had been there but a moment when her husband, who was leaning over the railing, started back, exclaiming:

"My God, who is that woman? She is the living image of my wife!"

Below in the street a superb landau was passing, drawn by a pair of cool black horses. A woman robed in white reposed on its cushions, chatting indifferently with a man at her side. For an instant she raised her cold, calm eyes to the balcony, then lowered them again.

Russell turned to his wife in amazement, saying:

"What an extraordinary resemblance!"

With a supreme effort at self-control she pointed to the man in the landau, asking:

"Who is that gentleman?"

One of her husband's friends replied in a strangely embarrassed way:

"Baron Borlino."

When Eleanor's husband knelt at her side that evening to ask for forgiveness for having doubted her, he said:

"It is all over now. Let us forget it. Only take me home. I never want to see Paris again."

"Should we first go to Nice," he asked, "to see Eleanor's grave?"

"No," she answered sadly, "the dead are safe at rest. Forgive the living and our prayers move—Hurry home in New York tomorrow."

M. de Parville has called the attention of the French Academy of Sciences to a curious illusion of the vision, which may account for the apparent oscillation or swinging of stars sometimes observed, and which is called by the Germans *Brennender Stern*. When the eye looks for some time at a small, distant lighted body, it is liable to complete darkness, the body appears to oscillate or describe certain curves. It is a phenomenon of the subjective order, and appears to be of the same nature as the movement of a star observed when a person leans his head against a wall and then his eyes upon the stars in the sky, which appear to be in motion in the same manner. In order that the motion may be noticed, there should be no motion and the sky should be clear. A lunette taken away the apparent motion.—New York Mail and Express.

On the Brooklyn Bridge.

While riding in the cable cars on the Brooklyn bridge one may look across and see the return cable passing in the opposite direction. As it runs at the rate of about ten miles an hour, it is passing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and although made up of strands like a hair rope it appears like a smooth cord. But if the observer will look between the wheels of the car the strands will for an instant become visible, the same as if the observer and cable were at rest.—New York Letter.

Severities of Beauty.

A gray-headed man was recently brought before a court in Berlin, charged with picking a lady's pocket of her handkerchief. During the trial it was proved that he had as many as 100 county handkerchiefs in his possession, obtained in the same manner. His defense was not kleptomania, but a mania which impelled him, whenever he saw a beautiful woman, to try and obtain some object from her as a souvenir. He was acquitted.—Chicago Herald.

Carp as Seawarriors.

Carp are used at Hartford, Conn., to keep the reservoirs clean. The fish have completely cleaned one reservoir of vegetable growth, and are now at work upon a second.—Chicago Times.

## -LADIES-

Owing to our Largely

## Increasing Trade

We find it Impossible to make room for our

## DOLLS

So we have concluded to sacrifice our whole magnificent stock of

Dolls, Cradles, Shoes, Stockings, Sets, Heads, And Bodies.

And everything connected with the doll business.

This Big Benefit will Commence

—ON—

Saturday, Nov. 20,

For One Week Only.

Just when everyone wants Dolls for the

Little Folks.

Just in time for the

HOLIDAYS.

Call and be convinced that we

always do just as we

Advertise.

By the way, we have opened up the most Elegant Line of

Holiday Goods

Ever shown West, and it will well repay you to come in and see what beautiful goods we have to offer.

—REMEMBER—

Time: Saturday Nov. 20.

Place: 114 Main Street.

HYDE &amp; HUMBLE.

1-4t

## BANK OF WICHITA.

Corner Douglas and Lawrence Avenues.

Authorized Capital - \$200,000  
Paid-Up Capital - \$76,000—OFFICERS—  
J. G. FISH, President. J. H. SLATER, Cashier. OLIVER DUCK, Vice-President.  
—Directors—  
W. P. ROBINSON, OLIVER DUCK, F. W. WILSON, J. G. FISH, W. L. DUCK.—Stockholders—  
O. D. BARNES, R. H. ROYS, FINLAY ROSS, A. L. HOUCK, W. P. ROBINSON, OLIVER DUCK, JAMES G. FISH, F. W. WILSON, H. M. DUCK, W. L. DUCK.—Correspondents—  
FOURTH NATIONAL BANK, New York. ST. LOUIS NATIONAL BANK, St. Louis, Mo.  
BANK OF KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.

General Banking Business. Respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

## Kansas National Bank.

No. 134 Main Street.

Capital Paid Up, - \$100,000  
Surplus, - \$10,000

Loans Money at Lowest Rates, Issues Sight Drafts on all Parts of Europe, Buys and Sells Government and Municipal Bonds. Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

H. W. LEWIS, President, T. W. JOHNSTON, Cashier.  
G. E. FRANK, Assistant Cashier.—DIRECTORS—  
H. W. LEWIS, J. L. DYER, T. W. JOHNSTON, SAMUEL HOUCK, ROBERT E. LAWRENCE, G. E. FRANK, A. RYDER.

## WICHITA NATIONAL BANK.

Successors to Wichita Bank, Organized 1872.

Paid-up Capital, - \$125,000  
Surplus, - \$25,000—DIRECTORS—  
S. H. KORK, A. W. OLIVER, M. W. LEVY, N. T. TUTTLE, R. F. NIDDERLANDER, W. R. TUCKER, JOHN DAVISON, J. C. CRUTAN.

DO A GENERAL BANKING, COLLECTING AND BROKERAGE BUSINESS.

Eastern and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. U. S. Bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal Bond bought.

## First Arkansas Valley Bank.

(The Oldest Money Institution in the Arkansas Valley)

No. 88 Main Street. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

Do a General Banking Business in all its Modern Functions.

Exchange both Foreign and Home Money in any amount on all satisfactory collateral—real, personal or otherwise. A complete list of the names of the principal European cities via South, German, London or United States.

## CITIZENS BANK.

Paid-up Capital, - \$200,000  
Stockholders Liability, - \$400,000

Largest Paid-Up Capital of any Bank in the State of Kansas.

—DIRECTORS—  
J. R. MILLER, A. R. BITTING, H. G. LEE, S. L. DAVIDSON, W. R. STANLEY, J. O. DAVIDSON, JOHN T. CARPENTIER.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

## United States, County, Township and Municipal Bonds Bought and Sold.

Paid-up Capital, - \$100,000  
Surplus, - \$5,000—DIRECTORS—  
G. LOMBARD, Jr., J. P. ALLEN, JOHN R. CARMY, EOB. HARRIS, J. M. ALLEN, L. D. SKINNER, PETER GINTO, W. F. GREEN, P. F. REATY, GEORGE B. SPALTON.NATIONAL BANK OF THE REPUBLIC, New York. NATIONAL BANK OF AMERICA, Chicago.  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Kansas City. BLACKSTONE NATIONAL BANK, Boston.

## Lombard Mortgage Co.,

IN KANSAS STATE BANK BUILDING.

Money on hand. No delay when security and title are good. Rates as low as the lowest.

—CALL AND SEE US.—

S. S. KING, Secretary

## E. T. BROWN &amp; CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN BROKERS.

WICHITA, - - - - - KANSAS.

## SMITHSON &amp; CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

117 East Douglas Avenue.

Land, Loan and Insurance Agents. Money always on hand. Interest at low rates. NO DELAY. Before making a loan on Farm, City, Chattel or Personal security call and see us. Come in or send a full description of your Farm or City property. We handle large amounts of both Eastern and Foreign Capital for investment in Real Estate, and are thus enabled to make rapid sales. Correspondence Solicited. H. L. SMITHSON, Manager.

J. M. ALLEN & CO.,  
Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

112 Douglas Avenue.

L. N. WOODCOCK, Ex-County Treasurer. E. S. GARRISON, F. A. DORSEY, Ex-County Clerk.

WOODCOCK, DORSEY & CO.,  
REAL ESTATE, ABSTRACTS & LOANS

Office, Dorsey Building, Opposite Court House.

WICHITA, KAN.

F. W. SWAB,  
Merchant Tailor.

Keeps on hand Fine Goods of the latest styles. The largest stock in the city. Satisfaction guaranteed. No trouble to show goods. Call and see me. F. W. SWAB, 1st door N of County Building.

## Kansas Loan and Investment Co.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Money Always on Hand to Loan on Farm and City Property

Office in Wichita National Bank Building, Wichita, Kan.

S. D. PALLETT,  
Northern & Southern Pine Lumber,

LATH, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

OFFICE AND WHITE PINE YARD West End of Douglas Avenue. YELLOW PINE YARD Across the Street. WICHITA, KAN.

MONEY TO LOAN  
—ON—  
City Property, Chattel Mortgages  
AND PERSONAL SECURITY.—LOWEST -- RATES! -- NO -- DELAYS! --  
L. B. BUNNELL & CO.

## New Dry Goods at Retail!

10 to 20 per cent. less than regular prices. I am now receiving a fine stock of Fall and Winter

New Dry Goods, Notions,  
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Etc.

To meet up large stock on hand, which I offer as prices as low as possible, frequently receiving from business, and respectfully solicit the attention of my customers generally.

## GLOBE IRON WORKS!

Founders and Machinists.

## STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Iron and brass castings, pulleys and shafting and all kinds of machinery. House castings in any design to order. Steam engine pumps and pumping machinery. All kinds of repairing done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. FLAGG, Proprietor.

100 CARS  
CANON -- CITY -- COAL!

BADGER LUMBER CO., WEST DOUGLAS AVE.

## The Davidson Loan Company

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$60,000.

Money Always on Hand to Loan on Improved Farm and City Property.

Have Loaned More Money in Southern Kansas than any Company in the State

PORTER, DUTTON & NOBLE,  
Real Estate and Insurance.

OFFICE OVER 132 N. MAIN ST.

WICHITA, - - - - - KANSAS.